What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with directions; to repaire to Rauenſpurgh.
North. Haue you forgot the Duke of *Herford*, boy?
H. Per. No my good Lord for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember, to my knowledge
I neuer in my life did looke on him.
North. Then learne to know him now, this is the Duke.
H.P. My gracious Lord, I tender you my ſeruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder daies ſhall ripen and confirme
To more approued ſeruice and deſart.
Bul. I thanke thee gentle *Percie*, and be ſure,
I count my ſelfe in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a ſoule remembring my good friends:
And as my fortune ripens with thy loue,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true loues recompence,
My heart this couenant makes, my hand thus ſeales it.
North. How farre is it to *Barkley*, and what ſtirre
Keepes good old Yorke there with his men of Warre?
H.P. There ſtands the Caſtle by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard:
And in it are the Lords of Yorke, *Barkley*, and *Seymor*,
None elſe of name and noble eſtimation.
Nor. Here come the Lords of *Roſſe* and *Willoughby*,
Bloudy with ſpurring, fierie red with haſt.
Bul. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue purſues
A baniſht Traitour: all my treaſurie
Is yet but vnfelt thanks, which more enricht,
Shall be your loue and labours recompence.
Roſſe. Your preſence makes vs rich, moſt noble Lord.
Wil. And farre ſurmounts our labour to attaine it.
Bull. Euermore thanks, the Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant fortune comes to yeares,
Stands for my bounty: but who comes heere?
Nor. It is my Lord of Barkeley, as I gueſſe.
Barck. My Lord of *Herford*, my meſſage is to you.
Bul. My Lord, my anſwere is to *Lancaſter*,
And I am come to ſeeke that name in England,

And I muſt find that title in your
Before I make reply to ought you
Bark. Miſtake me not my Lor
To race one title of your honour
To you my Lord I come, what L
From the moſt glorious of this l
The Duke of *Yorke*, to know wh
To take aduantage of the abſent
And fright our native peace with
Bul. I ſhall not need transport
Here comes his Grace in perſon
Yorke. Shew me thy humble h
Whoſe duety is deceiueable and
Bul. My gracious Vncle!
Yorke. Tut, tut, grace me no
I am no traitours Vncle; and th
In an vngracious mouth, is but
Why haue thoſe baniſht and for
Darde once to touch a duſt of
But more then why? Why haue
So many miles vpon her peaceful
Fryting her pale-facde Villages
And oſtentation of deſpiſed Arm
Comſt thou becauſe th'annoyn
Why fooliſh boy, the King is le
And in my loyall boſome lies hi
Were I but now Lord of ſuch h
As when braue *Gaunt* thy Fathe
Reſcued the Blacke Prince that
From foorth the rancks of many
O then how quickly ſhould this
Now priſoner to the Paulſey, c
And miniſter correction to thy
Bul. My gracious Vncle, l
On what condition ſtands it, an
Yorke. Euen in condition of
In groſſe rebellion, and deteſte
Thou art a baniſht man, and h

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (J